



Tales of the Mysterious Traveler

MARCH

TALES OF THE



MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

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TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

Volume 1, Number 7

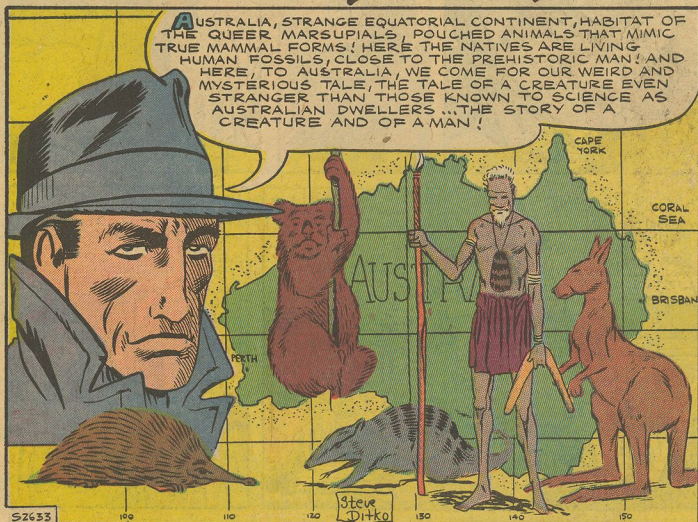
MARCH, 1958

Published Quarterly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Second Class Mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10¢. Subscription 12 issues \$1.20. Copyright 1957 by Charlton Comics Group. Pat Masulli, Executive Editor.

(Printed in U.S.A.)

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

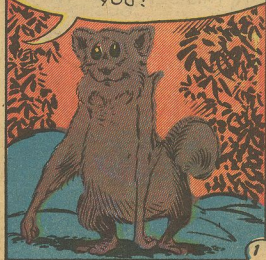
and the **FEAR CREW**



THIS MAN YOU SEE RIDING BACK-TOWARD HIS HOME IS CHELT FERRIS! HE OWNS A SHEEP-RANCH WHERE THE PRIMEVAL AUSTRALIAN JUNGLE AND THE PLAINS MEET!



WELL, I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERY KIND OF QUEER ANIMAL! THIS CONTINENT PRODUCES BUT I'VE SURE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE YOU!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



NOT AFRAID OF ME AT ALL, ARE YOU LITTLE FELLER? Y'KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO? TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME!

CHELT RODE TOWARD HOME WITH THE STRANGE LITTLE CREATURE! IT PUT ITS ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND LOOKED AT HIM WITH ITS BIG, LIMPID, TRUSTING EYES, AND CHELT WAS OVERJOYED WITH IT!



AND IN HIS HOME IN THE BUSH COUNTRY, CHELT FOUND THE LITTLE CREATURE TO BE A SWEET AND LOVABLE LITTLE PET!

WELL, FELLER, YOU'RE A COMFORT! PARTICULARLY SINCE MY HORSE THREW ME AND LAMED MY ARM! THAT WAS A STRANGE ACCIDENT AND...WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A NATIVE CALL! PROBABLY A VISIT FROM SOME OF THE BUSH TRIBES!



WALLA, WALLA, CHIEF! GOOD TO SEE YOU! HUNTING! PASS, SO STOP! BRING YOUNG, TENDER KANGAROO! KILL WITH BOOMER-ANG FOR FRIEND, CHELT!



BUNDA! EVIL? WHAT'S...OH, YOU MEAN MY LITTLE PET! HE'S NOT BAD, HE'S HARMLESS, CHIEF! EVER SEEN A CREATURE LIKE THIS BEFORE IN THE BUSH?

HIS EYES ROLLING WITH FEAR, THE CHIEF MADE THE SIGN OF EVIL, HANDS AND FINGERS EXTENDED! THE CREATURE JUMPED INTO CHELT'S ARMS AND THE NATIVES MOANED!



NO SEE SUCH CREATURE, BUT HEAR ABOUT IT! OLD LEGENDS OF MY PEOPLE TELL OF CREATURE NAMED SARANOK, THE BAD ONE! THIS IS SARANOK! BRINGS MUCH EVIL! NOT OF THIS EARTH! NO CAN BE KILLED BY MAN! VERY BAD! VERY! GO NOW!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

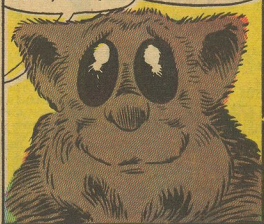


HEY, WAIT NOW ... !

BUT THE NATIVES WERE GONE, DISAPPEARING SILENTLY INTO THE BUSH!



SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM BEING EVIL THAN A LOVABLE LITTLE CREATURE LIKE YOU! **HOW** COULD A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE YOU HARM ANYONE, EH?



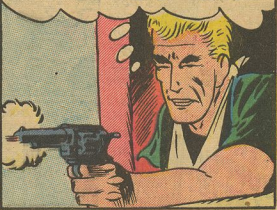
A RUSTLE, A GLIDING ALONG THE PORCH ... ONLY BY SHEER LUCK DID CHELT AVOID STEPPING ON THE VENOMOUS ADDER!



THE SHEEP MAN CIRCLED THE HOUSE, GRABBED HIS GUN AND FROM THE WINDOW...



HE ALMOST GOT ME! STRANGE, AN ADDER IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY... ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR...



CLOSE ONE, EH, LITTLE FELLER! Y'KNOW, I'M CURIOUS ABOUT YOU, I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE MUSEUM AT SIDNEY AND FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT SPECIES OF ANIMAL YOU ARE!



SO CHELT WROTE TO THE MUSEUM! HE GAVE A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE LITTLE BEAST AND DREW A CLEVER PICTURE OF IT! BUT, WHEN HE RECEIVED HIS ANSWER...



THE CURATOR SAYS NO SUCH BEAST IS KNOWN! FUNNY, HE'S A LEARNED MAN AND SUPPOSED TO BE AN AUTHORITY ON AUSTRALIAN WILDLIFE!



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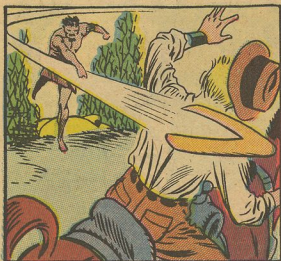
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CHELT'S HORSE SNORTED, BUT THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE! HE HEARD A MAD CRY! THEN THE BOOMERANG STRUCK!

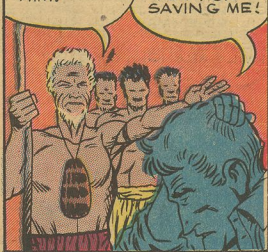


HE CAME TO A FEW MOMENTS LATER ...



HIM GOT BUNDA-BUNDA-BUNDA IN HEAD! LUCKY WE COME, GRAB HIM!

BUNDA-BUNDA ... EVIL! CRAZY, EH? THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME!



CHELT CONTINUED TOWARD HOME BUT THE NATIVE PHRASE FOR "EVIL" KEPT MOVING IN HIS MIND REMINDING HIM OF ANOTHER TIME THE WORD WAS SPOKEN!

THE CHIEF SAID THE LITTLE FELLER WAS BUNDA-BUNDA! NOW I GET THIS LETTER AND ... THE CHIEF SAID HIS PEOPLE BELIEVE THE SARANOK IS NOT OF THIS WORLD! IT BRINGS EVIL, HE SAID ... I'VE HAD SOME MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVES LATELY ...



DURING THAT LONG RIDE, FEAR BEGAN TO GROW IN HIS MIND ... FEAR, LIKE A CANCER SPREADING!

CAN IT BE TRUE? IS THE LITTLE CREATURE THE SARANOK? IS IT CAUSING ALL MY MISFORTUNE?



MASTER, COME QUICK! SICKNESS HIT SHEEP HERD! MANY DIE! COME QUICK!

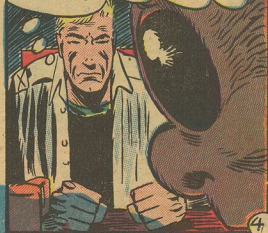
HOP UP BEHIND ME, NANDU!



HE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE LATE THAT NIGHT, EXHAUSTED! HIS HERD HAD BEEN ALMOST WIPED OUT BY SOME MYSTERIOUS DISEASE! HE SAT AT THE TABLE, LOOKING AT THE LITTLE CREATURE!



THOSE EYES ... ALWAYS WATCHING ME ... AND ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER IS HAPPENING TO ME ... ALL SINCE I FOUND IT AND BROUGHT IT HOME! WHAT WAS IT THE CHIEF SAID ... ?

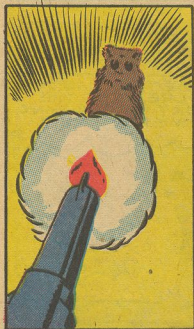
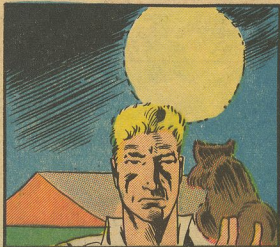


Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

FEAR HAD GROWN INSIDE HIM UNTIL IT WAS LIKE A FATAL VINE CHOKING EVERY THING ELSE, ALL REASON, ALL CHARITY!



HE WALKED OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT TOWARD THE BUSH CARRYING THE SMALL CREATURE... AND THE TOUCH OF IT NOW BROUGHT REVULSION...



THE LITTLE CREATURE JERKED CONVULSIVELY AND SANK DEAD TO THE GRASS, AND IN THAT MOMENT A TIDE OF REMORSE FLOODED OVER CHELT, WASHING AWAY FEAR AND PANIC!



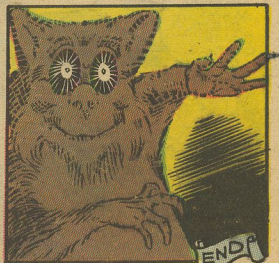
WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE LET ANIMAL FEAR GET THE BEST OF ME SO I KILLED THIS HARMLESS, LOVABLE LITTLE PET! ALL THAT'S HAPPENED CAN BE LOGICALLY AND SANELY EXPLAINED! I ALLOWED NATIVE SUPERSTITION TO DISEASE MY MIND! THIS PROVES HOW WRONG THEY WERE, THE POOR LITTLE THING IS DEAD!



SHAME RAVAGING HIM, HE WALKED SLOWLY, SADLY TOWARD THE HOUSE!...

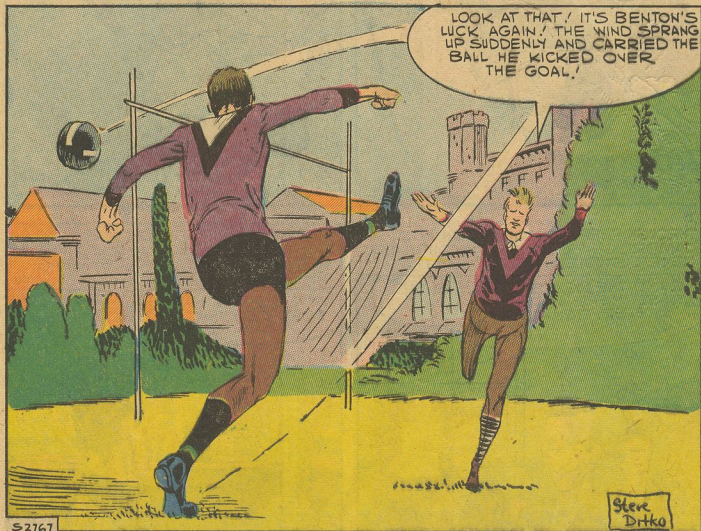


YET HE ALWAYS WONDERED, WAS SARANOK A DESTROYED EVIL OR JUST A HARMLESS UNKNOWN ANIMAL NEEDLESSLY DESTROYED?



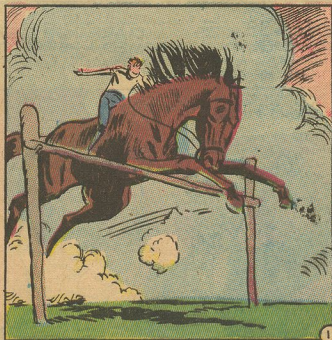
NOT NORMAL

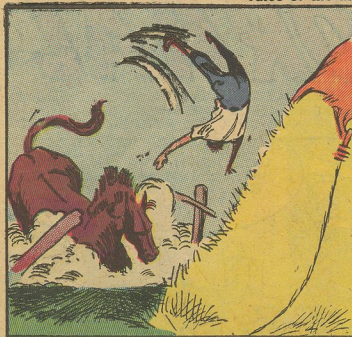
EVEN IN PREP SCHOOL IN YORKSHIRE, IT WAS CALLED 'BENTON'S LUCK'! NEVER HAD ANYONE EVER BEEN SO LUCKY! A FELLOW SHOT WITH LUCK LIKE PETER BENTON SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY HAPPY, AND HE WAS... UNTIL THE WHISPERS STARTED!



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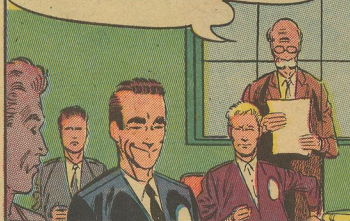
EVEN SINCE HE COULD REMEMBER PETER HAD BEEN LUCKY! WHEN HE WAS A CHILD ON HIS FATHER'S ESTATE THERE WAS THE INCIDENT OF THE HEADSTRONG STALLION...



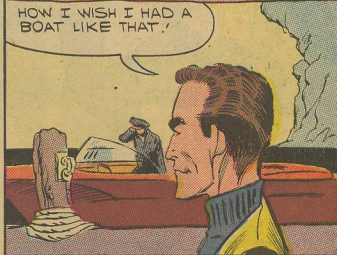


THROUGH PREP SCHOOL AND ON INTO CAMBRIDGE PETER'S LUCK CONTINUED! NEVER STUDIED, YET...

...AND THE HIGHEST MARKS IN THE CLASS WERE MADE BY PETER BENTON!



'WHATEVER HE TOUCHED CAME OUT RIGHT' EVEN THOUGH HE USED THE WRONG APPROACH! WHATEVER HE WANTED CAME TO HIM ...

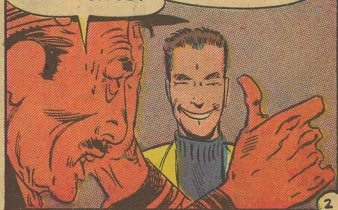


CIRCUMSTANCES WOULD ARRANGE THEMSELVES IN WHAT SEEMED A PERFECTLY NATURAL MANNER FOR HIM TO GET WHAT HE WANTED...

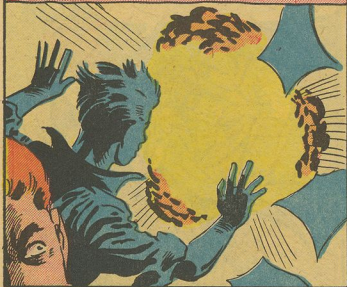
YOU THERE, YOUNG CHAP, COME DOWN HERE!



I'VE TRIED TO GET USED TO THE CONFOUNDED THING BUT I CAN'T! EVERYTIME I GET IN IT I GET SEASICK! I SWORE IF IT HAPPENED AGAIN, I'D GIVE THE DARN THING AWAY! WELL, IT DID AND I AM! THE BOAT IS YOURS!

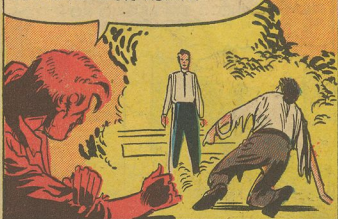


THEN THERE WAS THE EXPLOSION IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY...

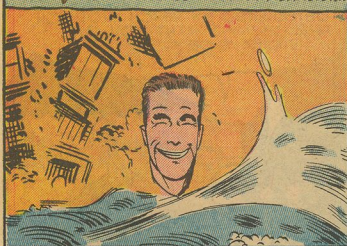


AND PETER, WHO HAD BEEN CLOSEST TO THE EXPLOSION, STOOD UNHARMED WHILE AROUND HIM FELLOW STUDENTS WERE HURT...

PETER... HE'S UNTOUCHED! BENTON'S LUCK AGAIN!



THERE WERE MANY MORE THINGS! THE BUILDING THAT COLLAPSED WITH PETER IN IT... THE TIME THE RIP TIDE CAUGHT HIM AND HE WAS THOUGHT LOST! BUT EACH TIME HE WOULD TURN UP, UNHURT...

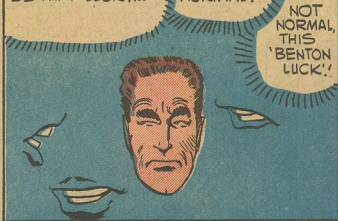


LIFE WAS WONDERFUL FOR PETER... UNTIL HE BEGAN TO HEAR THE UGLY WHISPERS, SEE HOW PEOPLE BEGAN TO SHUN HIM...

NO ONE CAN BE THAT LUCKY...

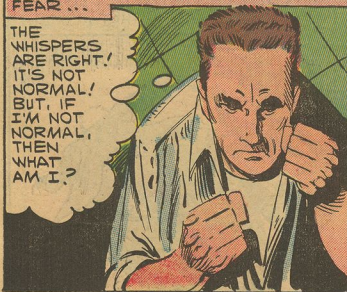
NOT NORMAL!

NOT NORMAL, THIS 'BENTON LUCK'!

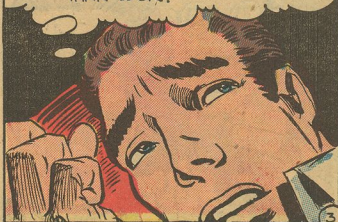


THEN PETER BEGAN TO BROOD AND IN HIS BROODING THERE WAS AN EDGE OF FEAR...

THE WHISPERS ARE RIGHT! IT'S NOT NORMAL! BUT, IF I'M NOT NORMAL, THEN WHAT AM I?



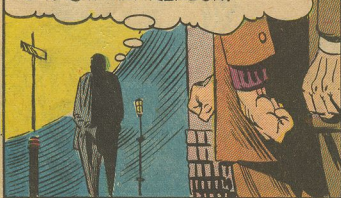
AM I A MUTANT? AN ALIEN OF SOME KIND FROM ANOTHER PLANET, ANOTHER DIMENSION? NO HUMAN BEING COULD POSSIBLY HAVE THE LUCK I'VE HAD! IT MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING MORE THAN LUCK!



Tales of the Mysterious Traveler

HE WAS NO LONGER HAPPY! FROM THEN ON EVERY BIT OF LUCK THAT HAPPENED TO HIM BECAME A REASON FOR DESPAIR...

THERE SEEMS NO LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR MY LUCK! BUT SOMEWHERE THERE MUST BE A REASON AND... I'M AFRAID NOW TO KNOW THAT REASON!



THEY TOOK HIM TO A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

THE STORIES OF YOUR LUCK HAVE SPREAD, BENTON! WE LOOKED INTO IT! YOU ARE A SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENON! IN A NORMAL WORLD OF CERTAIN PROBABILITIES, YOU CONFOUND THE EXPERTS!



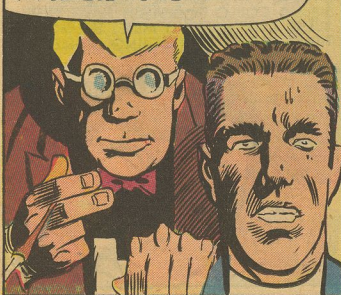
QUIET, BENTON! WE DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU!



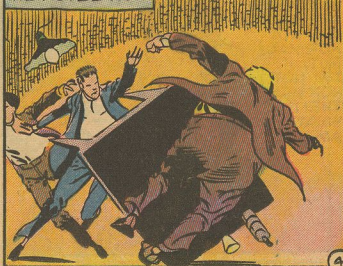
YOUR LUCK IS BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF CHANCE! IT HAS BECOME, WITH YOU, A CERTAINTY! WE ARE, WHAT YOU WOULD CALL, ENEMY AGENTS! BUT, WHO THE ENEMY IS, IS DETERMINED BY WHICH SIDE YOU ARE ON! WE WANT YOU ON OUR SIDE!



SUCH A MAN AS YOU COULD BE INVALUABLE TO US...



SUDDENLY PETER SAW HOW HIS LUCK COULD BE USED TO BRING HARM TO THE WORLD... AND IN THAT MOMENT HE ACTED...



Tales of the Mysterious Traveler

HIS PHENOMENAL LUCK AIDED HIM IN THIS TOO...

GET OUT OF THE WAY, CLOSE IN! HE IS ESCAPING!



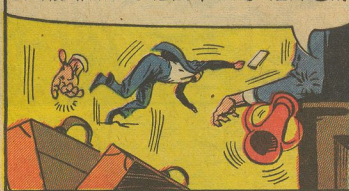
HE WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A RIDE TO THE CAMPUS FROM A PASSING MOTORIST! HE RUSHED TO HIS ROOM...

I MUST PACK, RUN AWAY, HIDE! I'LL BECOME A HERMIT! WHAT IRONY. ONLY 22, WHEN MOST MEN ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A FINE FULL LIFE WITH A LITTLE LUCK, I MUST FORSAKE EVERYTHING BECAUSE OF TOO MUCH LUCK!



AND SUDDENLY, NOTHING HE ATTEMPTED TO DO WENT RIGHT! AND THEN-- HE KNEW...

MY LUCK IS GONE... ALL GONE! I KNOW NOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! EACH PERSON HAS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF LUCK BY THE LAW OF AVERAGES, MINE BUNCHED UP ALL IN MY TWENTY-TWO YEARS...



HE DIDN'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY BECAUSE THE REASON FOR FLIGHT WAS GONE! FROM THEN ON NOTHING WENT RIGHT FOR PETER, AND HE WAS HAPPY OVER EACH MISFORTUNE...

AND THE LOWEST GRADES WERE MADE BY PETER BENTON!

I'M NORMAL AT LAST! AND ALL MY FEARS ARE GONE!



YES, HE WAS HAPPY -- UNTIL HE HEARD THE WHISPERS...

SUCH BAD LUCK ISN'T NORMAL!

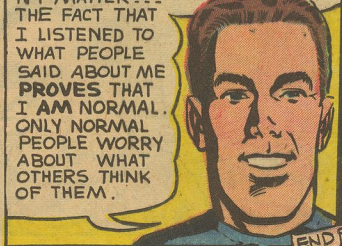
NOT NORMAL!

BENTON'S BAD LUCK NOT NORMAL!



IT ALMOST HAPPENED AGAIN... I DIDN'T LEARN MY LESSON THE FIRST TIME, BUT I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE. LUCK DOESN'T MATTER...

THE FACT THAT I LISTENED TO WHAT PEOPLE SAID ABOUT ME PROVES THAT I AM NORMAL. ONLY NORMAL PEOPLE WORRY ABOUT WHAT OTHERS THINK OF THEM.



END

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

NIGHT HUNT

C'MON, PETE! YOU'RE ALWAYS LAGGING BEHIND! C'MON, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'! WHY DID I EVER PICK YOU TO HUNT WITH? C'MON, LET'S GET US A NICE FAT RACCOON!



S2909

I DIDN'T OPEN MY MOUTH AT HIS SNEERING VOICE! HE WAS NO GOOD AND I KNEW IT! ALL I'D EVER GOTTEN FROM HIM WAS ABUSE... ALL ANYBODY GOT FROM HIM WAS ABUSE AND SNEERS! HOW MUCH CAN YOU TAKE FROM A MAN LIKE HIM? AS MUCH AS I'D TAKEN UP TO TONIGHT, AND NO MORE... TONIGHT WAS THE END!

I KEPT BEHIND HIM 'CAUSE HE HAD A CUTE LITTLE TRICK OF LETTING THE BRANCHES SLAP BACK! THEN HE'D SHOUT AT ME AS HE USUALLY DID!



HIS VOICE DRIPPED WITH THE HATE THAT CHURNED INSIDE HIM! MAYBE THAT HATE AFFECTED ME, I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DO KNOW THAT THE PLAN BEGAN TO TAKE FORM IN MY MIND...

SO, YOU'VE DECIDED TO TAKE THE LEAD, ALL RIGHT, BUT IF YOU LEAD ME INTO A SWAMP I'LL FIX YOU!

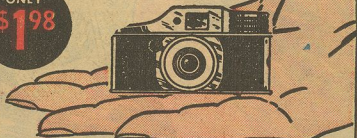


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Rush my Secret Camera and free roll of film for \$1.98 at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
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Name _____

Address _____

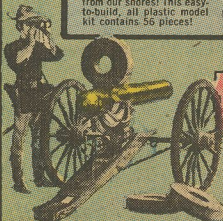
BUILD YOUR OWN CANNON ONLY \$7.00 EACH



NAVAL 24 POUNDER.

The famous American gun that kept the enemy away from our shores! This easy-to-build, all plastic model kit contains 56 pieces!

ONLY
\$7.00
plus 10¢ postage.



GATLING GUN.

Early American machine gun. This model kit contains 44 pieces.

ONLY
\$7.00
plus 10¢ postage.

CIVIL WAR FIELD PIECE.

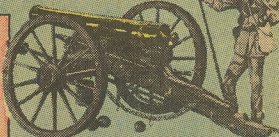
Famous in the war between the North and South! This kit contains 84 pieces!

ONLY \$7.00
plus 10¢ postage.

Now, for the first time, you can send for any or all of these beautiful, easy-to-build plastic model kits of famous American cannons. These precision made plastic models have been scaled from official photos. Each cannon has metalized (brass plated) parts, rope, metal chain and full, easy-to-follow instructions. We believe you will find these new guns the finest historic authentic models you ever saw!

After you have set up and cemented the pieces together, your friends and parents will gaze with admiration at the beauty of these cannons!

Rush coupon immediately with \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling for each cannon or \$3.30 for all three. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.



SEND COUPON IMMEDIATELY!

JOSELY CO., Dept. CSA NO C.O.D.'s
1472 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Rush the following to me:
____ Naval Gun @ \$1.10
____ Civil War Gun @ \$1.10
____ Gatling Gun @ \$1.10

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Canadian and Foreign orders add 20¢ each per gun and send International Money Order.

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

I
DIDN'T
LEAD
HIM
THROUGH
A
SWAMP,
BUT
I DID
LEAD
HIM
THROUGH
SOME
TOUGH
COUNTRY...

YOU... YOU'RE DOING THIS ON
PURPOSE... COME ON, LET'S
DO SOME HUNTING

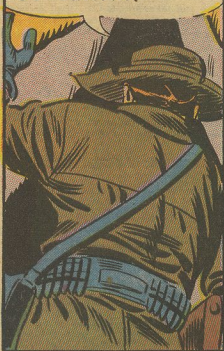


I KNEW THIS COUNTRY WELL,
KNEW ABOUT THE OLD INDIAN
AND WHERE HIS CABIN WAS...

A HUT! WELL, YOU DON'T
SEEM TO BE ABLE TO FIND
ANY 'COON! MAYBE THE
GUY WHO LIVES THERE
CAN TELL ME WHERE TO
PICK UP 'COON SIGN!



ANYBODY HOME? HEY, YOU
THERE, GET UP! YOU'VE
GOT COMPANY!



THE OLD INDIAN CAME TO
THE DOOR...

INJUN, HUH!
LISTEN, YOU,
I'M LOOKIN'
FOR 'COON
SIGN! WHERE
CAN I PICK
UP THE TRAIL?

I CANNOT
TELL YOU
THIS! I AM
PAUGUSSET
INDIAN! TO
HUNT
RACCOON
IS TABOO
FOR PAUGUSSET
TRIBE!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT!
YOU INJUNS KNOW EVERY
TRAIL IN THESE WOODS!
C'MON, WHERE CAN I
PICK UP 'COON TRAIL!

NO CAN TELL!
TRIBAL LEGEND
SAY, WISE OLD
MAN OF WOODS
TAKES FORM
OF RACCOON!



TERRIBLE REVENGE IF HUNT WISE OLD
MAN OF WOODS THE FIRST HUNTER!
THIS IS WHERE THE LEGEND BEGAN!
NO HUNT RACCOON HERE!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

WHY, YOU... I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO... AW, WHO NEEDS YOU, YOU SAVAGE SWASH, I'LL PICK UP MY OWN 'COON TRAIL, C'MON, PETE!

I KNEW HIM--KNEW HOW HIS MIND WORKED! UNDER HIS BULLYING SWAGGER, HE WAS A COWARD! HE'D REMEMBER WHAT THE INDIAN SAID AND IT WOULD WORRY HIM, UNNERVE HIM...

'COON SIGN HERE! HEADIN' TOWARD THE RIVER, C'MON, PETE!

AND HE HAD TO BE UNNERVED FOR WHAT I PLANNED! I TOOK THE LEAD NOW...

ATTABOY, PETE! LET'S GET US A 'COON.'



WE'VE REACHED THE RIVER! A BIG OLD 'COON SAT ON A ROCK AT THE EDGE...

A BIG ONE! A REAL OL' MAN OF THE WOODS!

HE CAME UPON TREACHEROUS FOOTING, SHIFTING SHALE! I WATCHED HIS FEET AS HE SHOT, KNOWING WHAT THE RECOIL OF A GUN COULD DO...

HIS FEET SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM AND HE FELL!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

HE'D COME TO IN A MINUTE
AND I'D HAVE NO CHANCE TO
GET AWAY!

THE
OLD
WOODS-
MAN
CAME
UP ON
SILENT
FEET
AS I
STOOD
THERE
LOOK-
ING
DOWN
AT
HIM...

WAL, NOW, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE HAD
A LITTLE ACCIDENT, 'BUMPED
HIS HEAD, I RECKON.'

HA, RECKON THAT DOES THE
TRICK, 'FEELIN' A MITE
POORLY, EH?

Y...YEAH!

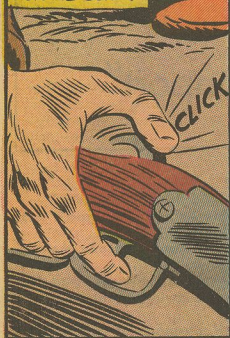
DAWN'S COMIN' UP! RECKON A
LITTLE CHOW MIGHT PERK YUH
UP! REST EASY, I'LL CLEAN
THESE TROUT AN' HAVE 'EM
FRYIN' IN A JIFFY! WATCH
OUT FOR THAT EDGE, THERE'S
A MIGHTY STEEP PITCH
DOWNWARD THERE AN'
YOU MIGHT BE A
BIT DIZZY!

THE OLD MAN WENT TO THE RIVER, HE
SQUATTED ON THE ROCK WHERE THE 'COON
HAD BEEN, AND BEGAN WASHING THE
TROUT...

THE INDIAN... SAID 'COONS
WERE OLD MEN OF THE
WOODS!
REVENGE, HE
SAID, THAT...OLD
MAN... JUST
LIKE THE
OLD 'COON...
SQUATTIN'
THERE...
ON THE
SAME
ROCK...

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

I COULD FEEL THE PANIC RISE IN HIM! I COULD SENSE THAT HE WAS HALF INSANE WITH FEAR! HE REACHED FOR HIS GUN...



I TRIED TO BLOCK HIM, BUT HE PUSHED ME OUT OF THE WAY... THAT'S WHEN HE LOST HIS BALANCE...



THE OLD WOODSMAN CAME RUNNING UP! TOGETHER WE PEERED OVER THE EDGE! HE WAS LYING DOWN THERE, UNCONSCIOUS, SPRAWLED ON THE ROCKS!



WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER! I SENSED THE KINDNESS OF THIS OLD MAN...



HE WON'T DO NO HUNTIN' FOR A SPELL! I'LL BUY YOU FROM HIM! CALLED YUH PETE. HUH!

RECKON I'VE INHERITED YOU, EH, BOY? YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA GET ALONG JUST FINE, EH, PETE?



I WAGGED MY TAIL! THE OLD MAN'S HAND WAS GENTLE -- THE FIRST GENTLENESS I HAD EVER HAD!



END

"Diamonds From Moonport"

"Nothing ever happens down here in Blumer's Bargain Basement," complained Henry Knapp, the salesman. "Sometimes I do have a nightmare. I see the toys fighting with the vacuum bottles. The mops and wash cloths start a flank attack upon the plastic dishes. When I come home at night, my kid wants me to tell him something that took place. Same old routine every day. When I was in my teens, I thought I might go to Africa on a safari and hunt elephants. Unfortunately that needs a stake of about eight thousand dollars. But if I ever get that money, then that's the first thing I will do, and take my kid with me."

"Dreams are cheap," said Helen Thomas who was at the cash register. "I guess we can all dream, can't we? That little man over there has been looking at items for about half an hour. See what he wants, Henry."

Henry Knapp walked slowly down the aisle that was flanked with toys and household accessories. He stopped in front of a small thin little man with a greenish complexion.

"Anything I can do for you, sir? Although this is self service down here, I would be more than glad to help you."

"What is that bottle over there? The one marked reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.45? I never saw one before."

Henry Knapp took the item from the counter and showed it to the potential customer. He removed the top and pointed to the inside.

"This is a vacuum bottle. Keeps hot liquids hot for twenty-four hours and cold liquids cold for the same length of time. Handy thing to have with you on a picnic."

"What's a picnic?" asked the man without a smile on his face.

"I bet this guy is kidding me," thought Henry to himself. "But I will go into detail."

So for the next ten minutes, the salesman went into every phase of a picnic. The making of the food; getting the family together; going to the place; and then the unexpected rain.

"Didn't you ever go on a picnic?" asked Henry.

"Never had them where I come from," re-

plied the man. "Good thing to introduce."

"Well, just where do you come from?" was the natural question.

"Moonport, seventh district of Moon, the dark side," was the answer.

Henry didn't bat an eye. He was up-to-date on science fiction. He could play along with a gag.

"When they sell spaceships at bargain rates down here, then I'll pay you a visit. Meanwhile, let me have that item wrapped up for you."

Helen carefully put the vacuum bottle in a box and wrapped it up. The man paid for it with a new five dollar bill. When he received his change he handed Henry a small object.

This is a diamond. Worth a fortune in your country. Sell it and use the money for something you want to do. My name is Resnieko, the new ambassador from the Moon. Thanks for your kindness to me."

When the stranger had departed with his purchase, Henry turned to Helen.

"My wife and kid will get a big laugh out of this. You do meet all kinds of characters down here in Blumer's Bargain Basement."

An hour later the stranger was on a ferry boat. He seemed to be enjoying the breeze. A young man and a very pretty girl were seated next to each other. As far as they were concerned, not a single other soul was on the boat.

"For you I'd climb the highest mountain," uttered Paul Foran. "Or swim the deepest ocean. For you, I would fight a million natives single handed. Or jump into a river full of alligators to save you."

"Now be practical, Paul," half scolded June Thomas. "If we are going to get married, you need money to run a home. The problem is to raise the sum of five thousand dollars. Then you can buy a half interest in Jim's store. You and my uncle like each other very much."

"Why not ten thousand dollars?" snapped back Paul. "My savings account shows me that my total worth is \$241.35. With ten thousand dollars I could first get married to you and then take a honeymoon in France and Italy. So we would have adventures to remember for the rest

of our life. Then buy the interest in Jim's store."

For a moment, June's eyes wandered. What she saw frightened her. A small thin man with a greenish complexion was hanging over the side of the ferry boat. The safety gate had somehow opened.

"Save him, Paul," was all she said.

In a second, Paul was over to where the man was desperately holding on. He grabbed him by the wrist and slowly pulled him up. When the stranger was safely on top of the ferry boat, Paul spoke.

"You should have screamed at the top of your lungs for help."

"People never scream or shout from where I come," replied the man. "I want to thank you for saving my life."

"Well, just where do you come from?" was the natural question.

"Moonport, seventh district of Moon, the dark side," again answered the man. "My name is Resnieko, the new ambassador from the Moon."

"Moonport, Boonport, who really cares?" smiled Paul. "But if you fell over into the water you would probably be the new ambassador to King Neptune."

The man handed Paul a small object which almost dropped to the deck of the ferry boat.

"This is a diamond. Worth a fortune in your country. Sell it and use the money for something you want to do. Thanks for saving my life. I would have certainly drowned because my specific gravity is four times that of an earthling."

When the ferry boat docked, the man left and vanished from sight. Helen smiled at Paul.

"You are my hero. That poor little man. Anyway we will keep the junk stone he gave you as a sort of remembrance of the event."

Pete Varko looked at his watch. In fifteen minutes he would head his cab north and return to the garage. Then Mike Sloven would take over the cab out for a second run. Pete was thinking about the new baby in his house. He already had four children.

"And they are all going to college," he said to himself. "Got to set up another teacup in which to drop the money I get as tips. Nothing like an education these days. In a few years there won't be any room for the unskilled worker."

Suddenly he jammed on his brakes. Right in front of his cab was a small thin little man with a greenish complexion. Another inch or two and the man would have been thrown down in front of other cars.

"Hey, move away," shouted Pete Varko.

Either the man didn't hear the words or was too scared to move away from the center of traffic. Pete Varko got out of his cab and took hold of the man's arm.

"You want to kill yourself walking that way?

Get into my cab. The ride is on me. I'll take you around the corner."

Two minutes later, the man was safe on a side street. He looked back at the place where traffic seemed to be in a mess.

"You must be from the country," concluded the cab driver. "When the light is green you cross. When the light is red you just remain on the street corner. But even when it is green, you have to be alert. First time here? Where do you come from?"

"First time here," replied the man. "I come from Moonport, seventh district of Moon, the dark side. We have no such traffic situations up there. Yet I must admit I admire the way you people get through all those obstacles."

"Forgive me," apologized Pete Varko. "If I had time I would stay here and listen to you. Maybe this is some kind of a stunt for a new movie, but I got to get moving. My cab must be back in the garage. Anyway, just be careful when you cross the streets here down on Earth."

The man put his hand into his pocket and came out with a small object which he handed the taxi driver.

"This is a diamond. Worth a fortune in your country. Sell it and use the money for something you want. I better get back to my hotel. Seven men are supposed to guard me against accidents. I just slipped away because I wanted to see the city by myself."

It was eight o'clock the next evening when the announcer on the television program, "Easy at Home," spoke:

"All television stations will now broadcast the same special program from Washington. In ten minutes we want every person in this country to be before a television screen. The most important announcement of the century will then be made."

Ten minutes later, millions of Americans were before television sets. General John K. Waterston was standing next to a small thin man who looked sort of greenish.

"As most of you know," began the general, "there have been all kinds of rumors concerning flying saucers. We are now free to say that these flying saucers were spaceships from the Moon. For the past six months we have been carrying on negotiations with the Moon. The person at my side is none other than His Highness, Resnieko, first ambassador from Moon to Earth. He has been enjoying himself seeing the city and giving out valuable diamonds as gifts. Will you please say something, Your Highness, to the listening millions?"

The man smiled for the first time. He seemed full of confidence as he uttered just one sentence.

"You Americans are one fine, swell, nice wonderful people."

THE END

COLD WEATHER PAYS OFF in Profits for Men Who Sell New Insulated Shoes and Jackets ...



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You Don't Invest a Cent!

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Get into a high paying business you can run from home. We rush you absolutely Free a powerful Starting Business Outfit. It contains everything you need to make exciting cash profits from the first hour. You also get wonderful savings on everything you need for yourself or family.

Take orders for just 3 of these fast-selling combinations a day (our 2-in-1 plan) and you earn up to \$660 per month. Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you fast:

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You Get Steady REPEAT ORDERS

Beauty of your Mason business is that it brings you exciting profits every month. Satisfied customers buy from you time after time. That's because Mason products are never sold in stores ... folks in your town must buy from you. Here's why it's so easy to make big money:

- You show a *selection* no store can match! Over 105 dress, sport, work shoe styles ... even jackets, raincoats!
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- You carry no stock—yet you're never "out" of a size, style, or width! With our huge stock (over a quarter million pairs of shoes) to draw on, you give customers what they want!
- You feature exclusive Velvet-ox Atr Cushion Insoles ... a blessing for men and women who work.
- Mason Shoes have Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal.
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Start now! To get your Mason Starting Business Outfit including the Mason "Miracle" Line, featuring Insulated Jackets, shoes ... Silicone-tanned shoes that shed water ... Shoe-Jacket combinations ... other fast-selling moneymakers ... mail coupon today! We'll rush your FREE Starting Business Outfit with everything you need to make exciting double profits from your first hour!

MASON Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 839
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. 839
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush complete Mason Shoe & Jacket Starting Business Outfit with everything I need to start earning big money from my first hour!

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THE *HEEL* AND THE *HEALER*

PEDRO CHIGUINA RODRIGUES LIKES TO CALL HIMSELF PETE MANOCO! HE WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP IN SAN FRANCISCO! HE'S AN OPPORTUNIST WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF A PRETTY SHARP FELLOW! PETE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A BUCK, BUT HIS SHREWD LITTLE BRAIN IS ALWAYS FIGURING THE ANGLES, LOOKING FOR THE BIG BREAK WHEN HE CAN REALLY CLEAN UP!

Steve Ditko

52660

HE'S COME TO THE SLEEPY LITTLE MEXICAN VILLAGE OF TIA QUANTO TO PEDDLE HIS FAKE MEDICINE 'CURE-ALL'...

THIS SHOULD BE A CINCH! I'LL SPELL-BIND THOSE IGNORANT PEOPLE AND UNLOAD ENOUGH CURE-ALL TO MAKE A NICE BUCK.

IT'S TYPICAL OF PETE TO BE SELLING A NORTHLESS PRODUCT TO PEOPLE HE CONSIDERS IGNORANT AND FAIR GAME TO BE CHEATED...

GO AWAY, KIDS! FOLKS, GATHER 'ROUND! COME ON YOU LUCKY PEOPLE AN' LISTEN TO WHAT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU.



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

MES AMIGOS YOU ARE THE MOST FORTUNATE OF PEOPLE THAT I SHOULD STOP HERE IN YOUR SMALL VILLAGE AND OFFER YOU THIS GREAT GIFT, THIS MAGIC ELIXIR, THIS POTENT PAIN-KILLER, THIS HARBINGER OF HEALTH.



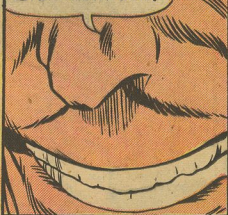
THE MAGIC CURE-ALL IS MADE FROM A SECRET FORMULA OF THE ANCIENT TIBETAN PRIESTS! GUARANTEED TO CURE CUTS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, STOMACH DISORDERS, FITS AND TOOTHACHES...



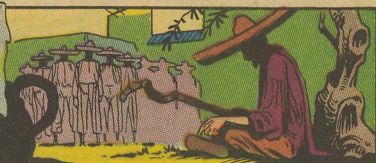
OH, YES... PETE HAS A GOLDEN TONGUE--AND NO CONSCIENCE...



STEP RIGHT UP, AMIGOS! VIGOR, HEALTH AND BEAUTY, ALL IN ONE BOTTLE AND FOR THE SMALL AMOUNT OF TWENTY PESOS! STEP RIGHT UP...



BUT THERE WAS NO STEP-ING UP! IN-STEAD, EVERY HEAD, EVERY EYE, TURNED TO AN ANCIENT MAN SQUAT-ING UNDER A TREE!



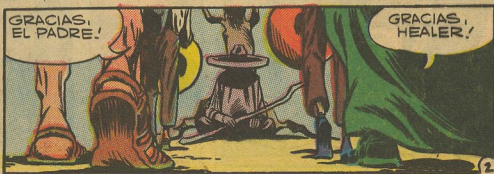
THERE WAS QUIET AS THE PEOPLE WAITED! FLIES BUZZED IN THE HEAT AND THE OLD MAN LIFTED HIS HEAD... AND SPOKE...

IT IS WORTHLESS!



GRACIAS, EL PADRE!

GRACIAS, HEALER!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

LOOK, OLD MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT THERE'S NO REASON YOU SHOULD SCUTTLE ME LIKE THIS! A GUY HAS TO EARN A BUCK, I KNOW.

YOUR MEDICINE IS NO GOOD, SO I SENT MY PEOPLE AWAY.

AN AURA OF PEACE, OF SAINTLINESS SEEMS TO EMANATE FROM THE OLD MAN, BUT TO PETE THIS IS JUST AN OLD GUY WHO BUTTED IN...



HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NO GOOD? WHO ARE YOU?

PEACE, MY SON! I AM CALLED EL PADRE, THE HEALER! I KNOW MANY THINGS!



I KNOW TOO WHAT KIND OF MAN YOU ARE AND I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU! I WILL HELP YOU!

THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN HELP ME IS TO BEAT IT!



NOT SO! WHENEVER IT IS NEEDED I GIVE TO THE PEOPLE A REAL CURE-ALL! A TRUE MAGIC POTION OF THE ANCIENT AZTECS OF WHICH ONLY I KNOW THE PRESCRIPTION!



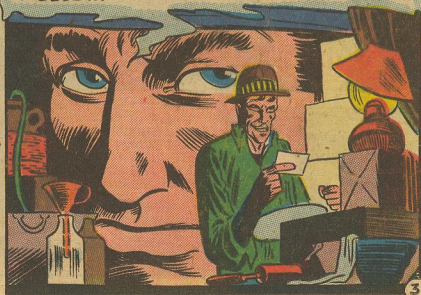
SO THAT'S THE DEAL! I'D BE CUTTIN' IN ON THE OLD THIEF'S TAKE HERE!

I SHALL WRITE THE PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU! BEFORE ONE HOUR HAS PASSED I WILL BRING YOU SOME NECESSARY INGREDIENTS! YOU WILL MIX THEM AS PRESCRIBED AND I SHALL TELL MY PEOPLE TO BUY! THUS YOU WILL HAVE MONEY TO LEAVE HERE AND THEY WILL HAVE THE REAL MEDICINE!

OH, I GET IT! OKAY, A DEAL!



PETE WENT TO HIS TRUCK! INSIDE HE SET UP A SMALL HAND PRESS AND BEGAN TO PRINT NEW LABELS...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

THE LONG SHADOWS OF DUSK WERE APPEARING WHEN THE OLD MEN RETURNED.

PETE THREW THE JAR THE OLD MAN HAD GIVEN HIM INTO A CORNER AND BEGAN PASTING THE LABELS HE HAD MADE ONTO HIS OLD BOTTLES.

HERE ARE THE INGREDIENTS! MIX THEM AS WRITTEN ON THE PAPER!

OKAY, OLD TIMER! NOW TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU WANT OUT OF THIS?

ONLY THAT YOU DESTROY THE FORMULA AND LEAVE BY MORNING!

IT'S A DEAL! YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB AS YOU LOOK! ALL I WANT IS TRAVELIN' DOUGH, I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN THIS BURG!

NOBODY'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE IF THEY'RE DRINKIN' HIS STUFF OR MINE SO WHY SHOULD I WORK UP A SWEAT MIXIN' STUFF FROM HIS FORMULA, THE OLD REPROBATE!



IT WAS NEWLY DARK WHEN PETE BEGAN HIS SPIEL AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME WHEN THE PEOPLE TURNED TO EL PADRE...

IT IS THE TRUE CURE-ALL, MY CHILDREN!

GRACIAS, EL PADRE! THEN ALL WILL BUY!



PETE SOLD OUT HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF FAKE MEDICINE!

A GOOD TAKE! I'LL GET A LITTLE SHUT-EYE AND SHAKE THE DUST OF THIS JOINT FROM MY WHEELS IN THE MORNING...



IT WAS IN THE DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN THAT PETE WAS AWAKENED BY A GROWING, ANGRY MURMUR!

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE VOICES...GETTIN' CLOSER... LOUDER...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



BUT THESE WERE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE AND ONCE THEIR IRE IS AROUSED IT KNOWS NO BOUNDS! HE HAD CHEATED THEM, AND IN THEIR FRUGAL WAY OF LIFE THERE WAS NO OTHER CRIME AS BAD!



AND AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE THEY SET UPON HIM WITH EXASPERATION

THEY THREW HIM INTO A DITCH AND LEFT HIM THERE UNCONCIOUS...

HE STIRRED! HE OPENED HIS EYES! HE KNEW THAT THE END WAS NEAR AND HE THOUGHT...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

AH, MY SON, YOU DID A BAD THING! BUT I FEEL PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR TRUSTING YOU! THEREFORE, I MUST SAVE YOU! I HAVE THE TRUE CURE-ALL HERE!

DRINK, MY SON! NOW I TOO MUST GO, FOR I TOLD THEM TO BUY YOUR MEDICINE THINKING IT WAS MY FORMULA AND NOW THEY'LL NEVER TRUST ME AGAIN!

THERE ARE OTHERS WHO NEED ME IN MANY CORNERS OF THE WORLD! I WILL RUB MY MEDICINE INTO YOUR WOUNDS!

FUNNY... I FEEL GOOD! NO MORE DIZZINESS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE... BUT NOW! HEY, THE PAIN'S GOING OUT OF THOSE CUTS AND BRUISES...



IT WAS TRULY MAGIC! PAIN FLOWED AWAY! PETE JUMPED TO HIS FEET! A MOMENT AGO HE HAD BEEN DYING! BUT AT THIS MOMENT HE HAD NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE...

BUT THE OLD MAN HAD VANISHED INTO DARKNESS! PETE RAN BACK TO THE TRUCK! HE HAD LEFT THE FORMULA THERE! BUT THE OUTRAGED PEOPLE OF TIA QUANTO HAD GOTTEN TO HIS TRUCK BEFORE HIM...

PETE CHANGED! HIS MIND SEEMED TO SLIP! HE BECAME A BUM WANDERING THROUGH MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA AND ALWAYS ASKING THE SAME QUESTION... THE QUESTION HE WOULD ASK UNTIL THE END CAME FOR HIM AGAIN, THIS TIME FOR GOOD!

THAT MEDICINE... IT'S MAGIC! I MUST THANK EL PADRE... WHERE DID HE GO TO?

MY ONLY CHANCE TO DO GOOD, AND I THREW IT AWAY...

MES AMIGOS, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN OR HEARD OF AN OLD MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF, EL PADRE, THE HEALER?

ON YOUR WAY, MISTER!

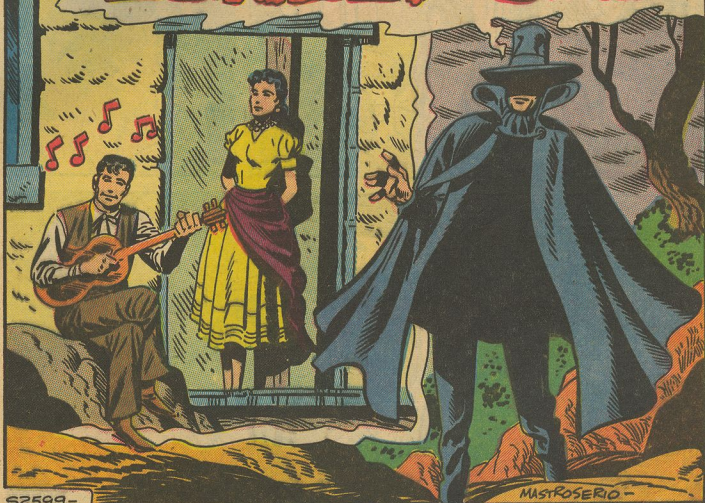


END

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

SPAIN! LAND OF CONTRASTS, OF SOFT GUITARS, LAMQUID SENORITAS, AND THE CHURNED SAND OF THE BULL RING! BUT SPAIN IS NOT ONLY MUSIC AND GAITY, LOVELY SENORITAS AND MATADORS. HERE TOO CAN BE FOUND THE UNUSUAL, THE MYSTERIOUS, THE STRANGE! SO COME WITH ME, TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF EL TECORA IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN AND MEET AN UNUSUAL MAN---

THE LONELY ONE!



S2599-

MASTROSERIO-



THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES AND--IT IS WHERE MY TALE BEGINS, FOR HERE LIVES MANOEL PERIERA, THE LONELY ONE!



MY SON, I KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT BOTHERS YOU--

PLEASE, MAMA, DO NOT SPEAK OF IT, I BEG OF YOU!

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

MANOEL'S FATHER IS DEAD! HE IS THE SOLE SUPPORT OF HIS WIDOWED MOTHER -- BUT MANOEL HAS BEEN WITHOUT WORK FOR SOME TIME NOW --



MAMA, NO ONE WILL HIRE ME SINCE THEY NOW KNOW ABOUT ME!

BUT HERE YOU WERE BORN, MY SON! IT WAS A NIGHT OF STORM! I REMEMBER --



THIS POWER WHICH I'M POSSESSED WITH I THOUGHT MIGHT BE A BLESSING! INSTEAD IT IS A CURSE! MAMA! PLEASE LEAVE ME! I MUST THINK! I MUST COME TO SOME DECISION!



ALONE NOW, MANOEL BEGINS TO THINK! HIS THOUGHTS GO BACK TO THE PAST -- TO THE TIME IT ALL BEGAN --



AND THEN IT HAPPENED! HE LOOKED AT THE PEOPLE HE HAD KNOWN SO LONG -- AND HEARD THEIR THOUGHTS!

THAT RAPHAEL IS NOTHING BUT A BUM!

THE ORTIZ FAMILY ARE A BUNCH OF LIARS AND THIEVES!

-- BEFORE THE SHOCK OF THIS DISCOVERY HAD PASSED ANOTHER STRANGE THING HAPPENED!

EVERYONE WAS GLAD WHEN THE ORTIZ FAMILY MOVED TO MADRID!

MANOEL, THAT IS NOT A NICE THING TO SAY!

WE'VE NEVER HATED THEM AND WE WEREN'T GLAD TO SEE THEM LEAVE!



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- The Disappearing Coin
- Making a Ball Roll by Itself
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- The Phantom Money Trick, etc., etc.

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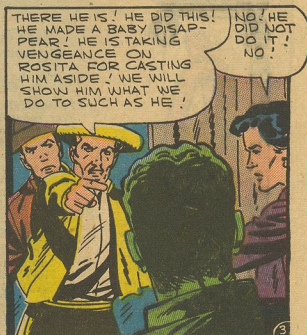
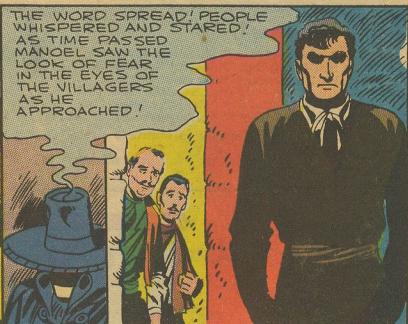
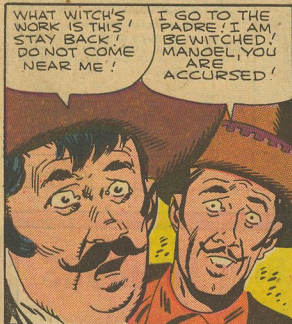
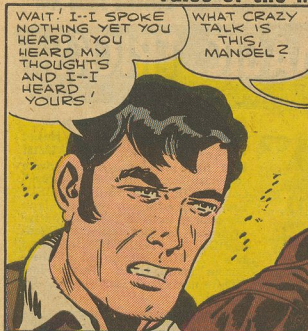
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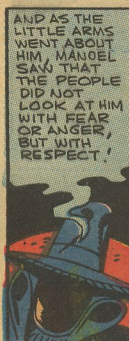
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Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



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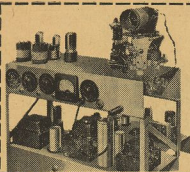
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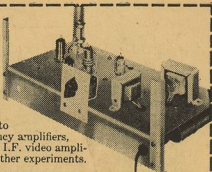


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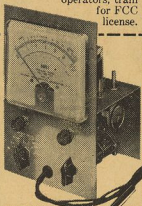
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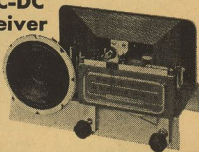
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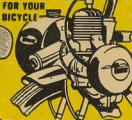
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